

~~My contention that~~ Mrs Chase was one
of the chief contributors to the collection
of grasses ~~at the~~ which are now in the
Herbarium at the Smithsonian Institution.

~~Her efforts~~ She cajoled, informed, ^{on both her trips to}
and finally persuaded botanists, ~~in~~ Brazil
~~both in 1924-25 and in 1929-30~~
to contribute

Corumbá, March 6, 1930
Matto Grosso, Brazil

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I've been to Bolivia, was there about 2 hours. Did you have *Gouinia* in Grasses Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia? I got it there, but precious little else except a new crop of the blister-raising chiggers and *Lasiacis*, 2 *Leptochloas* and a *Panicum* that may be *P. trichanthum*. The mosquitoes were quite as bad as on this side. I didn't have to pay anything for this salvo-conducto. The young Bolivian at the frontier warned me not to go too far into the bosque and get lost, a warning I heeded for it was an awful tangle. When I returned he gave me limeade! (Offered to put some whisky in it!!)
Corumbá, like all Matto Grosso, has been disappointing. I

ly

was awfully discouraged the first day, but the second took an auto for a mountain 16 miles distant, Urucium. I took a boy there as guide and a young man with a gun invited himself. I got a number of things, an *Ichnanthus* I never saw before, *Raddia brasiliensis* with spikelets and a *Panicum* of Laxa group new for me. Yesterday I took an auto again, my feet being blistered from coming down Urucium in wet shoes, ^{5(?)} miles to Bolivian frontier, and got *Gouinia* in Brazil as well as in Bolivia.

This must be Spencer Moore's "*Pogochloa brasiliensis*." I saw his type. It is *Gouinia*.

I leave on the boat this afternoon for Porto Esperança, getting the train there at 4 a.m. for

São Paulo. I'm not sorry to leave Matto Grosso. There is one place seen from train where I'd like to stop, but I am more than a week behind the schedule I made out for myself. It took so long getting to Dourados and waiting to get there. I have so much hay in bundles my adjustable trunk is bulging. I think I shall despatch this trunkful, ^{from São Paulo} to Miss Brandt's at Rio and bring it home with me. I have a superfluity of trunks in Rio, having borrowed 2 from Nat. Mus. and collecting cases of Killips to bring Mrs. Merriam's stuff in.

When I reached Corumbá Monday morning (boat came in during night) the carnival jamboree was on and hotels had no room. The auto driver, with my trunk, finally

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took me to a pensão, which was
something awful. I started to get
out collecting outfit but decided that
place was impossible and went to a
hotel to ask for some family or some
thing. He asked, as usual, if I were
Allamão, but learning I was Norte
Americana he said there was a house
of N-Americans, giving me directions. I
supposed it was a pensão, but when
I came to the place and saw a sign
in Portuguese "The first commandment
is: Thou shalt have no other God but me"
I knew it was a mission and joy-
fully knocked. As usual they have
been heavenly kind to me. Mrs. Clark
said I couldn't possibly stay where
auto man had left me - it was worse
than dirty, it was disreputable. They
were just sitting down to breakfast
and invited me and I had coffee
with milk for the first time for
four or five days and a bowl

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of cornmeal mush. Oh, but it was good. The tower was full because of carnival, but if I'd sleep in their store room they would put up a cot for me. Naturally I was only too glad to accept. I have enjoyed being here. They are very interesting people. I am drying up plants and driers this morning. The boat today is the first one out since I came. Corumbá is hot, the first place I've been where it is hot at night. It reminds me of when I used to live down in the city in Washington, before I moved to Casa Contenta. Of course my mosquito net makes it still hotter. — São Paulo, Sunday Mar 9 night, at the Kolbs again. I was delighted to get your letters of Jan 18 and 28 when I got here this noon. I read them

but none of the other letters before I scrubbed a 3-day accumulation of dirt off me. The "wash rooms" on Brazilian dormitorios as well as day trains are merely wash bowls and water set in a tiny recess, not inclosed, so one can't wash very far down.

Yes, only you (and Swallen) understood the risks one will take for grasses. However I'm not foolhardy, by any means. No, Mrs. Mexia wasn't any help! If I wasn't "laid up" after the trip. I finished drying my plants and dried all the wet driers, did all sorts of things and wrote that long

report, in stocking feet - heavy "Bayville" stockings. I was off to Cabo Frio in a week. (See referring to Smithsonian notes).

I hope your African labels have come before this. My sister writes that Rose is mounting African grasses, so I suppose they have. Please don't have all distributed before my return. I'd like to see them. For Trichopteryx you'll find in bookcase under Chase, a miss. compilation of all species published from Africa. It may help a little.

Yes, I have a good compass, but it doesn't find trails for me. I suppose the getting lost

referred to was at Metallurgica.
 One can't follow a straight
 course by the compass here
 in many places.

I am so thankful you
 are steadily gaining. It must
 have been an awful ordeal.
 I hope your knees are strength-
 ening. You must have taken
 terrible risks by your trip to
 Kenya. Mrs. Hitchcock said
 in her letter that you are
 terribly worried over getting
 fat!! I suppose Capt. Amer
 Grasses is out by this time. By
 the way have you looked
 at Contrib vol 28, pt 1, yet?
 I don't think Mrs. Mullett's
 drawings would help anyone
 to identify the grasses. I can

March 21, 1920

fix up some of the old Agrost drawings. I think I've picked out some to fix and they are listed or indicated in some way. Nobody can do such work as Mrs. Gill did.

I am sorry I did not get more done on the Manual but I'll work on it for all I'm worth, while I'm waiting for Brazil labels.

Has Maxon had shelves put in our upstairs room yet? - - Letter of Jan 28: ~~If~~ Since you are to sail June 6 I am going to write to Munson to change my sailing to earlier steamer. I had said May 21, which reaches N.Y.

midnight June 3. I shall write
Munson to tonight for
reservation 2 weeks earlier. I
wish I hadn't spent so much
time in Matt's Groves, but once
there you can't get out right
away. I think the 1-cabin
boats are very comfortable
and have far nicer people
than the regular first class.
I went to Europe and back
in 1927 on 1-cabin boats. I am
so glad Albert and his wife
are going. Wait the father of
Dr. Hitchcock feel cherty going
about with his son! It will
be lovely for Mrs. Hitchcock
that the young "Frank Doctor"
will be there too. The present

Secy Agriculture seems to have
little appreciation of scientific
meeting. I've forgotten who he is
- only recall the Nation's comment
that all he knew about farming
was the foreclosing of farm
mortgages! You will surely
be one of the six, but the
young unknown workers
ought to be encouraged to go
if they care enough to pay
their own way. I am glad
you have been appointed dele-
gate from Bot. Soc. America.
Dr. Briquet never answered
your letter about that notice
he sent to bot. journals, did he?

I am awfully sorry about
C. R. Ball's trouble. Of all people
to have such a thing happen!
Did he resign as requested, or is

he going to make them prove
him culpable? Of course he may
be a poor accountant himself.
Heaven help me if I were respon-
sible for funds! It must be
cruelly hard on him.

Good for Dr. Abbot, but I
wish you could have contributed
the introductory article for vol.
on botany. I wonder what
Maxon thinks. Has he written
anything yet? Yucca whipplei
is the "Joshua Palm" isn't it? I saw
it in Mojave Desert. Have you
written Japan about it? It is
certainly interesting that an
astronomer should ^{observe} discover
what botanists have not
noted in their own field.

I had a letter from Bitan
court, thanking me for getting
the publications for him. I

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sent this to you some time ago, I think.

I plan to leave for the triangle of Minas and Goyaz Thursday morning. I shall have to repack. All ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{young} trunks will be delivered to Mr. Kolb's store down in the city and I can repack there. All my clothes are dirty and I have to have them washed and estimate I couldn't leave Wednesday. One of the Kolb girls, teacher in the "American School" asked me to talk to her class tomorrow. I'd rather be skinned but can't refuse, they have been so lovely to me. I'll borrow freely from H & C chapter on grasses! And her mother

wants me to visit their temperance society here. She told me about it before - quite a strong group of woman, American and Brazilian. The drinking among the Americans and English in Brazil is much greater than among Brazilians. I've told - heard the same in Rio. I must have my films developed, too.

The dreaded election uprising hasn't come off. At Corumbá, thank heaven. At Corumbá, with two girls from the mission, I heard a spell binder trying to stir up a group of men, but some laughed and the rest seemed indifferent. We three had gone for ice cream (so called, cold anyway) to cool

off a bit before going to bed. The man was shouting for Getulio and the girls said he was talking revolution. The government's candidate, Julio Prestes, was elected, I learn. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Clark (of Corumbá) both say that the ballot here is not secret and that a really fair election is impossible under the circumstances. Neither seemed to think Getulio Vargas would be any better, however, than Julio Prestes. What Mr. Hummel said about its being merely a struggle between the Sinos and the Oros seems to be their opinion.

I want to write of the beautiful trip on the Paraguay river, but I must write to

Mumson and write an outline,
at least, of what I am to say
to the children tomorrow.

I inclose a note to Miss
Niles. I got a letter from
Mr. Swallen and shall try
to write him before I leave
this week.

Very best wishes.

Sincerely
AB

A letter from Mrs. Bracelin,
Mrs. Mexico's friend at Berkeley,
says that Prof Kennedy died
a short time ago.

Uberlandia (Uberabinha, still, on
the map - there ought to be a
movement for stability of
nomenclature in town
names in Brazil) March 14, 1930
7:15 am.

waiting for my trunks

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I was glad to get your
letter of Feb 6 just before leaving
São Paulo Wednesday. I reached
there Sunday noon, left Wed.
evening, busy as a boy killing
snakes in the meantime. I
shipped a trunkful of pkgs
of dried plants to Jardim Botânico
to await my return to Rio. ~~Two~~
I couldn't get in, I took to Consul,
pkgs 19 and 20. I'll take the rest
back with me since I have
so many trunks at Rio.

Yes, a mattack would often be

handy - or a steam shovel - the difficulty would be in carrying it along. I did some strenuous digging in the "pontonal" at

Porto Esperanza. I'd rather not
have that "Outline sketch of ^{my} ~~the~~
Geras" sent to Local Notes. It isn't
by a "professional" poet, True would
not want to use it anyway. The
Smithsonian and all its works
(except Dr. Abbat) are so solemn.

Isn't Ellingston a pinhead! So afraid of simple truth, always thinking of appearances instead of reality. If an astronomer can interpret botany to the general public better than the botanists that tried, it is an interesting fact and nothing for the Puncturian to be ashamed of.

Did Mr. Maxon ever write - finish, I mean, anything? He labored enough to write a cyclopaedia, from what he said from time to time about working on it. I gave a talk to the American school-botany in relation to man, I suppose it might have been called. I wrote it out to get it in order in my mind, but didn't read. Took half an hour. Miss Kolb said that night the teachers were discussing it and remarked "It made us think of so many things, we never thought of before," so I felt relieved - it must have been dry for the children, poor things.

I had agreed to be associate editor for Bot. Soc. Even when

away I can't be less use than
Dr. Gigg was. I'll be glad if they
appointed someone else, but if
no one was found willing I'll
continue. ¶ In a letter from my oldest
sister she says Rose is busy mount-
ing African grasses, so I suppose she
took them. She had a bad fall in
January and was badly shaken
up, though no bones broken. She
is so frail. I hope she is improv-
ing. There is another letter from
you I seem to have mislaid (I was
in such a rush) in which you said
Mrs. Swallen might do some
mounting. ¶ I heard of Justice
Taft's death while in S. Pauls - alas, that
Hughes succeeds him. ¶ I've been
out at intervals stirring up the
hotel about my trunks. On the
way here I saw some very good
grass country near the station
south of here, 22 km. I'm going
to take the train back there

Mar 14, 1930

a little after 9 and walk back to Uberlandia. I'll have a heavy load, but the heavier the load the lighter the heart. It is good to be back in Minas again. My spirits went up when I saw stretches of clean grass country. I'm planning to stop at Mangabeira on way back. I'm going to end of line in (probably Sunday) on by ^{by} carrinhão to Annapolis, at least, then stop at places I select on way back. My best spots have been selected in this way from train. I wrote Mum. can to change my reservation to May 7 or date nearest that. Please ask Miss Miles to notify office of chief of bureau for to send

Probably arrive NY about May 21
notice to customs at N.Y. giving
freec entry for all but personal
baggage. I'll have the things
I buy all in one trunk as before
and ready to be examined.

Mr. Maxwell said best route
to Cayabá was from here to Sta
Rita on Paranahyba, across
the corner of Goyaz. (In trying
to make the hotel people miserable
until I get my malas - it is hard
to make a Brazilian miserable.) I
shall not get mail again till I
return to Rio about April 20.

I have found your letter of
Feb 19 which came with Feb 6
and one from Miss Miles, Feb 10.
I hope there will be some inexpensive
editions of the Smithsonian volume
on botany. Otherwise it will be for
diffusion of knowledge among
the wealthy.

I am very glad you are going
to leave Agrastis stolonifera, paleo-
tris, and alba instead of var.
names. Mackenzie won't agree
with you on latter. His principle
seems to be if there is any possibility
of applying a name other than
as it has been applied it is one's
duty so to do. Please read ^{*}his letter
to me on Paep. ciliatifolium and
my answer. I wonder what Formel
will do. ^{He will have to differ from Grass No.}
trunks here and I'm ready
to start. Have about 10 min-
utes before going to train.
I can't keep hoping you can't
get Mrs. Mullett to do drawings.
when they don't suggest the species
what good are illustrations -
like most in B & B Illust. for
example. I can fix up old ^{Div.} agrost
drawings in not much more
time than it would take to try

* Please read also my introd to Paep. and in it beginning of Stenocarpus what I say about collecting types.

to give Mrs. Mullett an idea of
how the grass looks, and I think
these renovated illustrations
would be more helpful. I
checked up all the drawings last
summer, Mrs Mullett's in upper
case back of my table as well as
Mrs Gills', and I think Mrs. Nis are
not characteristic. I hope your
legs are getting back their strength
and springiness. It is hard to
think of your using a cane, but
I'm glad you are careful. The
risk you took in Africa is enough
to last you, I should think. Poor
little Oakley, I'm so sorry for him.

Wish I could hear your talk
on Africa. Congratulate you on
Cent. Amer. Grasses. It is nice of
Dr. Abbot to be interested in my work.
Must go. Good by, best wishes,
Sincerely
A.C.

Annapolis, Goyaz, March
25, 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I had a glorious time
at "Goyaz capital" (as it is al-
ways referred to. I took an
auto out 15 km to some
good open grassland seen
on the way there
the day before, and walked
back. When I dismissed the
car and started in I ran
on *Pasp. lauciflorum* within
two or three minutes and 2
~~Wackel~~ *Paspalum* ^{barbense} I can't now
recall name of. (I've started
a new field book and last
one is packed up.) Other new
things for the day were *Pasp*
~~aff~~ *Burchellii* (may be that

but rachis is narrow); a great
big *Panicum* of *Virgata* group
keys to ligularis, but doesn't
look as I ^{think} remember that;
another *Thrasya* that looks
very like my tall puzzle
but spikelets different; *Androp.*
sulcatus, I think; *Anthropogon*
not the species found before;
2 *Syntherisma*s new for
me; *Trichachne* new for
me; that tiny *Aristida*-
sanctaluciae is one of its
^(capillares?) synonyms; *Heteropogon*-
guyanensis I suppose, can't
recall if there were more.
In all I got more than
70 numbers, but there

were two or three ferns for
Maxon. It rained in tor-
rents about 5. I had engaged
the auto man to meet me
at 5 at a certain building
some 3 km. out (it is the
last few km with nothing
but weeds and a heavy load
that weary one) but he did
not come. I took refuge in
a hut where a kind woman
beckoned to me. I got a ride
back with a passing car. I
had left my press out in
the sun and hadn't seen
anyone around to ask to
take it in if it rained - there
was no sign of rain in the
morning. I was dreadfully

worried but hoped some one
took it in. As we reached the
edge of town the streets were dry,
the downpour had not
reached the city. I ran for
my press and got it in
just as the rain came down.

The heavens were merciful
to give ^{largely} sand and gravel, and there
were little wet depressions
so no wonder the harvest
was so good. ¶ I had en-

gaged the auto youth to take
me back to Annapolis, tak-
ing two days, stopping when
I wanted to collect. After the
rain Saturday Friday night
he came into the hotel to say

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it had rained, that's why
he hadn't come for me! I
told him to come early next
morning for the start back,
but he said he wasn't going!
I bought a ticket for the postal
auto, ^{to leave 7 am.} and after waiting and
repeatedly inquiring the postal
auto left without coming by
^{I got my money back.} hotel Rasa! I finally got off on
a caminhão after 12 o'clock
— that is only a sample of travel
in these parts. I am waiting
now for a caminhão back to
Viamnapolis which was to
leave at 7 o'clock. It is now
8:30. I stopped at Gaiabeiras
(Saturday)
over, night — I'd collected a
little when caminhões
stopped here and there. One

thing was typical *Pasp. burchellii*
with winged rachis. Sunday
morning I set out far
some matto to the north
and had a pretty good day.
I got a very tall *Panicum*
or *Eleocharis*, an *Olyra*
off ~~panic~~ *latifolium*, *cordifolius*
perhaps, *Panicum paniculatum*
again, both the little form
carpeting the floor of forest
and the large clambering
form of wood border; the
new(?) *Olyra*, and a lovely
little *Raddia* in fine condi-
tion, and a few commoner
things I hadn't had far
Goyaz. It had rained
lightly but I'd kept on.

About 2:15, as I was sitting
by the road putting plants in
the above-mentioned youth
passed with his auto and I
had him take me aboard.
It rained very hard before
we reached the village. He
was coming on to Annapolis
so I packed up and came
along, raining most of the
time. Yesterday morning
I took all my presses and
driers over to the hospital
and spread them on the
roof. There were glimmers
of sun occasionally, which
I hoped would eventually
dry the great lot I'd put

out. They invited me to almorça
over at the cottage and in
the middle of it it suddenly
began to pour. Everything
was soaked by the time I
got them gathered up. I spent
the rest of the drizzly day
putting plants on dry papers
and trying to dry driers on
the hospital and the home
stoves, but they are too
damp to put in the plants.
There is no sun this
morning - air wet enough
to wring out. I counted on
getting to Viannapolis in
time to spread driers if there
is sun and now the cam-
inhão (I've just been told)

March 28
1970

will go after almoça, which means not getting off till noon. It isn't the "hardships" of Brazil that wear one out, it is heart breaking waste of time because the people never keep their word. One has to count in this waste of time - it seems to be inevitable - so I have given up going to Planaltina as I wanted to. Dr. Golden says the way to Cuyabá is from Uberlândia by way of Sta Rita ~~Antonia~~ do Paranaguá, that there is an American missionary at Araguari (where I have to over-night) named Hurst who can give

me information. There English people have been lovely to me. One of the nurses is an American from Chicago, but the two doctors and other 3 nurses and the chief doctor's wife are English. There is an interesting boy 4 years old - I shall send him some books when I get home.

I leave Viannapolis at 6 in the morning on the train, reaching ^{Gyandera} Araguary about 2. ~~leave~~ This is a place I picked out on the way up. I leave there the next day, reaching Araguary about 5, have to stay over night, and leave next morning at 8, reaching Uberlandia about 10. I hope I can make arrange

ments that day for the trip to Sta ^{Peta} ~~Cruza~~ and Cuyabá. I'm trying to hope my plants won't suffer too much - if ~~one~~ could only turn on the sun - stoves are so feeble (and filthy usually).

Araguary - March 27
I felt so cross inside I stopped writing and went over to the ^(the chief doctor's) Janstones, and borrowed a copy of Punch I'd seen there. The sun came out for about an hour and a half and I spread the side walk and thick mud walls with kiers and got plants back in press. Of course that meant handling all those heavy trunks (3 of them rather) again, but I was glad of the sun. The caminhão (another one) left at 3:30! It rained

toward the dark. When it thundered
I climbed up the caminhão (I rode
with the driver) and covered my
presses with the big canvas.
There were 2 Japanese and a
black man passengers up
there and when it poured they
must have taken the canvas
for themselves - such gross self-
ishness! On arrival about 9
I found one press soaked and
the other wet on the edges. I fran-
tically got the plants out of soaked
one and after a bit of jantar spent
an hour or more getting the
worst soaked ones dried by the
big cement stove in kitchen. The
caminhão driver had dumped one
trunk in upside down and I knew
the water must have run in for
but I couldn't open up, or dry any-
thing if I did, that night. Left

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Viamapolo at 6¹³ am. reaching
Goyandira 2:15. Sun was shining
so I unpacked and dried
everything. It was the trunk with
driers on top that got wet, fortu-
nately, not the bundles of dried
plants. It was 4 by the time I
had all in dry driers and set
out to collect. I got a lot of things
I hadn't had for Goyaz and one
(Axonopus) I hadn't had at all.
It rained before I got back at
dark and rained till almost
morning. (On Brazilian beds one
wakes to turn over often enough
to hear what weather is doing.)
I got up early, and washed out my
travel dress that doesn't need
ironing and got off about 7:30,
everything dripping wet. In all

Goyandira yielded a good harvest.
Another new is an *Ichnanthus*
I'd seen (and collected with $\frac{1}{2}$ no. to
discard if I found better) with
inflorescence just coming out of
sheath. I left, with everything
dried or in driers at 2:20 and
have just washed up here, and
waiting for janta.

March 28 Uberlandia

I saw the American mission-
ary, George Hunt, at Araguari
last night. He gave me a letter
to a "crente" ("believer, as Protestants
are called) here and I found his
house after much effort. After
convincing him that the
serikara could stand long
and hard journeys he said
after almoço he would

see someone about auto or
carrinhão and I am to
wait here at hotel till he
comes. I'm also waiting for
my trunks and for almoço.
Waiting seems to be my chief
occupation! Can't change drier
till my trunks are delivered. It
is evening. Gott sei dank!

It was most pleasant to
meet the Hursts last night. They
had gone to "cultá" (prayer-
meeting) when I found their
house. A neighbor was going
too, and I went with her. After
the meeting they took me home
and we had tea with lemon.
You have to endure many
thirsty days in Brazil to know
how good tea with lemon is!

These encounters with missionaries
are so refreshing, aside from
the information acquired. Mr.
Hurst suggested this hotel "Grande"
as less dirty than Guyana where
I stayed when here before. It is
cleaner and there is running
water. 7:30 pm Plants

changed twice today and
almost all dry. Some yellow-
ed a bit from the repeated
wettings and rainy weather
but nothing ruined. I had
hoped to get off tomorrow, but
couldn't make it. Only one
man was willing to go to
Cupaba (that is one the creole
would vouch for - I didn't
try hunting one myself)
and it will take tomorrow

for him to get his machine in good shape, fill up on oil and gasoline, etc (which I pay for). I am to pay 100\$ a day, plus gasoline, oil, road tax and the man's meals and bed. It will take about 2800\$ (= about 300) the most expensive trip of all. I have only cashed a little more than half my credit in Banco do Brasil, so have plenty. I'm taking this machine "particular," and can tell the man to stop when I want something. He is a man of "confianca," so says the crente, but he tried to hold me up for 120\$ a day.

plus expenses, but I said 100 only. If I couldn't go for that I'd go by auto bus as far as I could and give up Cuyabá. Auto bus runs 3 times a week and all these things waste so much time at dirty little stopping places, weedy in all directions. I've only 3 weeks left for the sertão and I do hope this trip will be worth what it costs. The road goes from here NW to Rio Parauhyba, across southwestern Goiás to Rio Araguaia (my only chance to collect in Amazon ^{basin} ~~marsh~~) and across Mato Grosso to Cuyabá. We leave Sunday

6 am. "sem falta" (without fail). Having tomorrow here I'll have everything well dried to leave here in trunk. I'm sunning all dried packages every chance I get.

I shall not write again till I reach Rio - or at least mail any letters, for from here, on my return, I go straight (by a very crooked route) to Rio and shall get there quicker than a letter would. I hope to reach Rio by April 22 or 23 if not April 20. I look forward

to letters when I get there.

Here is hoping for luck and all the species I haven't found and Hitchcockia brasil.

ensis besides. I'm getting very
anxious because I haven't
yet found it.

Love and best wishes to our
Grass family. I hope you
are gaining strength stead-
ily. Very best wishes
Sincerely
AB

Rio Verde, Goyaz, April 1,
1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

There is no getting a letter off but plants are changed and all done for the night and it is not quite 7:30. This trip is going very well so far.

I have 101 numbers in the 3 days out. *Bambusa brasiliensis* is the best find. It was described from Matto Grosso, and I was disappointed not to find it there. *Pasp. reduncum*, *Pennisetum setosum*, a *Chaetochloa* and a *Pasp.* ~~along bank of Rio Parana~~ ^{new for me} *Eragrostis hyemalis*.

you may not care to read all this, but please save it for me.

Pasp malacophyllum, ~~*Thrasya*~~ ^{*Psychotria*}
schumannii were the best
things. I've added a lot to
the number of species I had
from Goyaz. José is run-
ning shorter days than I
expected - I recall Annie
Peck's wish that married
women would tell her
how to manage a man.
But he is quite as good if
not better than any I've
seen driving before. Mr.
Maxwell couldn't make
his man get a move on.
Across Minas the road was
very good. We got off at 8:30
instead of 7 and reached
Sta Rita da Paranahyba

about 3:30, giving me time
to collect along the river.
There is no getting off early.
They don't serve cafe till
after 7, and Brazilians fool
around and fool around.
Now I have 2 presses full.
I can use time changing
driers. In Goyaz the roads
are simply awful. José has
more sense than any Bras-
ilian driver I've seen. He
gets out and fills the worst
holes before driving into them.
The Syrian from Dourados
did that but I had not seen
a Brazilian do it. The regular
method is to drive into the
hole, run the engine hard

till it has churned the mud
up to the hubs, then get out,
light another cigarette, wait
till the companion caninhã
or car comes up and by
and by begin to fill
the hole in front

with

with grass or brush.
I had expected to make this
place last night. We got
here about 3:30 and I went
over to a wet place and
got some more things -
an Arundinella, that is the
same as the unknown of
Dourados, among them.
Tomorrow will be a short

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run to Jatahy, so I shall take more time to balance. I have not stopped the car as often as I wanted to, only when I saw something I wanted, not at promising places. It has rained in torrents and the roads are terrible. I counted on stopping on the way back, but if we must make such short runs I'll do a lot more walking. Jasi says the country along the Araguaya is campos. If it looks good I'll stop over a day there. The trip is costing like fury. I am concerned with the price of gasoline for the first time. The road tax is nearly \$2 a day - I wonder

what is done with the money. It isn't spent on the roads. There is a system of "post fiscal" places with gates.

José turned up Sunday morning nearly 7, instead of 6, in white corduroy breeches, white shirt, shining leather leggings and shoes. The light gray car was clean (though a bit scuffed) — "some class" to "my" car and "my" chauffeur. The car, as well as José and I, has been drenched in red mud since. The sun
a tire went flat, however and we

came out during the morning ^{today} and during the wait for almoca I dried all the wet driers, changed presses and dried again. José ^{has taken} took it on himself to open portfolios and lay papers for me when I came back to car with grasses. He also helped spread driers and gather them up. So, even if I can't get him started till nearly 8 or after 8 I guess he is as good as could be expected. It is a great relief to have him do the explaining as to what I'm doing. At Sta Rita de Parangyba the

chefe politico called to see me
Sunday night (just as I was
ready to bathe - in about a
quart of water - and I had to
dress and see him). He is a
civil engineer, studied 7
years in the U.S. When he
said that I stopped trying
to speak Portuguese, I ex-
plained my work to him
and he understood per-
fectly and explained to
the others in the room. Of
course I gave instances
of practical application.
Hence José has an idea

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of what I'm doing and
it tickles me to hear him
holding forth to the spec-
tators. — Jatabay April 2
Only 27 numbers today, stopped
in good campo country, too,
but I'm not repeating species
(with rare exceptions) so I suppose
I can't keep up 25 or 30 additions
a day. The unexpected was
Hamelopsis in margin of Rio
Doce; H. aturensis I suppose. I got
beside the "gelika" form of Parp
pilosum. I look for it in
patches of trampled P. pilosum
and have found it several
times in Minas and Goiás.

I got a *Heteropogon* with habit
of *H. g. garmsii* but foliage
hairy; and an *Andropogon* that I
think I got in *Matto Grosso*.

We got stuck in the mud
today in a tiny streamlet
crossing the road. The hole
was just about big enough
to fit the back wheels. I went
collecting, returned after a
while and asked if I could
help any. Jose didn't answer
so I thought that was foolish
question no 22139 and went
collecting again, and came
back in about an hour. It
began to rain. Jose was
stuffing clumps of grass below
the wheel he had jacked up.

I pulled clumps of *Andropogon*
and piled up a lot for him;
stood on the piece of log he
braced his jack on and in
some 15 minutes more he
got the machine out - I
mean we did. But alas for
our clean clothes! I started
out in clean khaki dress
and he ^{had been} in clean khaki
too. He cut a finger rather
badly and I opened up my
first aid and dressed it.

We saw two very large
civets, males, I suppose. Jose
pulled his pistol, but I begged
him not to shoot. Their feathers
made good brooms, he said.

but I said faça favor, and he
let them alone. I forgot to say
that my "classy" chaffers wore,
in addition to the white corduroy
and army leggings a belt
full of cartridges and a
big pistol in a holster. It
spoiled the effect in my
estimation, though doubt-
less enhanced it in his. He
has a rifle, too. He shot at
a little animal - a large rodent
without a tail, like a big
gopher - and the little
beast hopped off. There was no
sign of blood when we reached
the place. After we reached
our stopping place Monday
he went off with his gun

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AP 1, 1903
but he didn't bring back
anything. Today I saw a
fox for the first time, &
~~went to~~, and called attention
before I thought. He got out
and shot repeatedly while
I went botanizing in the
other direction. It went away,
he said. I'm glad he is so
poor a shot, but when I
saw what looked like a
large prairie chicken I kept
still. — He has just told
me the bridge is out on
the road to Miners, we
shall have to go another
way stopping somewhere

else tomorrow night. It
is all one to me. Last
night's hotel was relatively
good, almogosa was in a
hut with a mud floor, and
this hotel is the usual dirty
one. Jose wanted me to hire
a boy to go on from here
at 5\$ a day and keep, because
the roads are so bad. I de-
clined. It would add more
than 2\$ a day and the
trip will cost some 400\$ as
it is. Prices here are very
high. Almogosa, for example,
rice and beans, some chopped
meat I didn't try and a

little onion, no bread, butter
or anything else but a demer-
tase of black coffee was 3\$
each, about 35 cents. The
cheapest lunch room would
have served it better for 10c.
or 15 at most. Almogosa is
usually 4\$ or 5\$.

Sta Rita do Araguaia Sunday ^{night} April 6
Matto Grosso

Leaving Jatahy the road was
not the regular one, the bridge
being out on that. The road
was awful. Another car came
at same time - came to this
place. Drivers seem very
anxious to have a companion
car. I did not get much on

the way. We stopped at a "house"
of sticks set on end, top the
thatched with palm. I had
an hour or so before dark
and found a few things, not
much, unless a very small
Schumannia is one of the sev-
eral I'm looking for. This
casa had an earth floor,
so uneven I staggered all
over it - my feet aren't used
to an uneven floor. "Jantar"
was eaten out of a granite
ware plate in my lap, hav-
ing helped myself to the
rice and beans in pots on
the cement stove. There
was some milk and I

was glad to have some of that. The others had eaten when I got in. The ³men in the other car ~~strong~~ hung up their hammocks in the large main room. There was a bedstead with boards across it at one end of kitchen. Chunks of meat drying hung above it. That was prepared for the man, wife and child in the other car. They asked if I had a hammock. No. I had wanted to stay in the automobile but Jose had said he was going to sleep in the car, so I sat on my satchel, prepared to sit there all night if necessary. There

was a bench in the main room
with all the men but I
didn't think much of that.
After a while Jose asked me
where I'd prefer to sleep. I said
the car, but that he was
going to stay in that. He said
he would sleep in a hammock
and I could sleep in the car.
The men all protested at once
the senhara would be
afraid. Jose laughed and
said something I didn't
understand and carried
out my satchel. He fixed
up a tiny light inside the
car, showing me where to
switch it off. Then he took

off his pistol and put it in the
packet on the door of the car
for me, got out his gun for
himself and said boa noite.
I took off shoes and spectacles
only and wrapped myself
in the big mosquito-net I
carry and slept most of the
night, doubled up on the
seat. I was grateful to Jose.
(This was only the third time in
all my journeyings I haven't
been able to undress - not so
bad.) We left ^{in the morning} with nothing
but a small (demi tasse) of cafe
no bread. [In the interior, ex-
cept in towns big enough to
have a paderia, there is no
(bakery) bread.]

We stopped for almoca at a fazenda. It took long enough for me to spread driers and change my plants. At the hut the night before we laid in a supply of oranges. The place was in a lovely situation, by a rushing little stream and could have been made into a comfortable home - if the people would ever do anything ^{besides} instead of talking and smoking. The woman at this place was one of those dull inarticulate beings that seem scarcely human. In leaving I gave her one of my ribbons full of safety

kins. She looked at me in a dull surprise and carried it off into a dark cubby hole off the kitchen without a smile or a word - poor soul. I was glad not to see any children in such a "home," - probably a dozen dead. - We expected to make Sta Rita Aragua ~~ya~~ Friday night, but a river, Rio Ortega, which cars ford, was so high, ^{two} ~~a~~ men from the other car ~~swaded~~ ^{swaded} across and got oxen from a fazenda. I went collecting until dark, getting an *Oryza* new for me, *O. subulata* I suppose, and a few other things. A *carrinhão* came up while we waited and it grew dark.

a tall handsome young woman
leading a sheep, and her father(?)
from the camionetas left their
machine and waded across.
Finally Jose said oxen weren't
coming, would I wade over
— he would stay with the car.
I asked what I'd do for dry
clothes if I did, but put my
money belt around my
neck if I had to wade. But
just about real dark we
heard the men with the
oxen (it had been more
than $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours) I had seen
to it that my plants were
up on top. The oxen pulled
the other car over first. Its
red tail light went under.

The water came over my
feet when we crossed. I had
press and camera in my
lap. Over, there was difficul-
ty in getting engines started
after their ducking. Ours
wouldn't go with all Jose's
efforts — he had stuffed rag
around certain parts of its
anatomy but they didn't
prevent trouble. Finally
he asked me to go on to
fazenda in the other car
and he would stay with
ours. They suggested he come
along for jantar and return.
He did and early in the morning
arrived with the car again.

This fazenda had a big kitchen,
earth floor, but not filthy
- just picturesque. There were
4 grown girls and at least
2 young men, all remark-
ably good looking, and an
old man, the father. The
handsome girl was there
in a different dress, bare legged
as before (she had carried a
little satchel on her head). The
woman passenger and her
little girl, myself, and all
the men made a lot to
cook a second jantar for.
After jantar we ~~women~~ were
taken upstairs and treated
like company, all the girls
sitting around and talking.

There were 3 beds, laced with strips of hide with the hair on, but no bedding. I waited and waited - hadn't had my clothes off the night before and the hundreds of "bichas" were torturing me and I was wet half way to the knees. After 9 I began nodding as a gentle hint - I wasn't sleepy, the chiggers and fleas - 2 days' accumulation of them - saw to that. By and by they began to bring in bedding. I asked if I could have some water to wash and they offered me a bath which I joyously accepted. A bath in the sertão is taken in a large basin, 2-3

feet in diameter. (Mine are usually, as here, taken in an ordinary enamel basin, but twice on this trip a kind woman has offered me one of these big basins of warm water.) The basin was set on the ^{earth} floor in a sort of store room off the kitchen. You said once it took a lot of agility to get a meal (in camp) without stepping in the food. That occurred to me when I found how much agility it took to take a bath on an earth floor ^{dry oneself and} get into footwear again without stepping on (no chair or bench, of course.)

the earth floor. With that good bath and my mosquito net I slept well. The handsome girl slept in another bed. She hopped out while I was dressing and was all ready, having slept in her dress.

The next river, Rio Baby-lonia, had a ferry. The axen and ferry were at my charge, of course. We reached here about 11^h ^(Saturday). The country changed before reaching Rio Ortega, we were in Amazon watershed, I surmised, and when I got a beautiful *Eliomurus* I never saw before and an *Aristida* new for me, my

hopes went up, then down again
as red clay, more or less
sandy returned and even the
sandy ground about Rio
Ortega had but little new. And
the region became more and
more grazed and weedy. There
is a Sta Rita de Araguaya about 3
miles south on ~~the~~ Goyaz
side of river - utter desolation
all about. José had said
the country at Araguaya was
campos. When we reached
here and I got all my
presses and supplies out I
found that the pkg of
dried plants had got wet.
They must have been
splashed, for things below
them were not wet. I put

all into fresh papers, feeling
awfully blue over the run of
bad luck. Things had ~~had~~ refused
to dry, though I managed
to change all ~~over~~, mostly
twice a day. It rained every
day till Friday and every
night till Thursday (my
night in the car). And from
what I could see of Aragua
it was pretty hopeless. Also
I was desperately hungry. Cafe
was cafe only, no milk, no
bread. I had eaten 2 oranges
but they weren't very filling.
When cafe is cafe only almoca
is mostly about 10 or 10:30,
but it was 12 here at Sta Rita.
After rice and beans I set out

toward the river; struck some
wet ground and back water
and collected that *Oryza* again
this being a different state. I
got *Paspalum pictum* at last,
Imperata tenuifolia, missed
in M G before, *Hymenachne*
amplex, *Pasp acuminatum*,
and some other things I hadn't
got in M G. I got a *Paspalum*
that seems to be *P. melano-*
spermum (never collected that)
and what I thought was
Pasp. flaccidum again, but
now it is drying I see the
sterile lemma is cross-
wrinkling like *P. approxinatum*
Döll - the thing *Trinius* called *P.*
angustifolium Nees, not *Neesii*.

I think it is that, hope so. I
crossed over to Gayaz and got
a few more over there. The
Araguaya is narrow here,
not as wide a *Rio Babylonia*
which is an affluent.

I had expected to get here
Friday night, stay over Sat.
in this piece of Andean region,
and go on on Sunday. Just
said he had to have a day
to make repairs to his
"machina", so I'm a day be-
hind. I do hope we shall
not have rains this week.

I set out this morning -
I asked for bread, saying I
wouldn't be back for *almoca*,
and I ate a banana I took
from table last night.

I found the "~~new~~" ^{culcitifera} Olyra again.
I'm wondering if this is *O. acumi-*
ovata Trin., if I was mistaken
in reducing that to *glaberrima*.
This seems too ~~common~~ ^{frequent} to be
new. The "campo" was no-
where in sight, but Jose had
said if I followed the road
to ^{the} right "large" I'd come to it.
I heard the roar of a falls
and saw there was a great
fall in the Araguaya. I cut
my way down the jingly
steep slope, but couldn't get
a good view for there was
a straight cliff 25 ft or so
below me I couldn't get
down. I got five specimens
of *Lasiacis ligulata* near top

of this slope. Farther along I scrambled down again, using the bed of a rivulet for trail, but the river had turned. I got to water's edge, but falls were not in sight, only whirling waters below. There was a house and sawmill where I first went down, the approach to the jingly slope a filthy stretch of manure and weeds. There was no trail down. All this beauty ~~has~~ no attraction or interest for these people. Later from higher camps I got a partial view, but nowhere is there

a vista. Any civilized people
would preserve such a piece
of beauty and make it acces-
sible. The foam rose high
in the air. The slope I climbed
down and up was certainly
more than 100 ft. "Except
the *Olyra*, *Lasiacis* and *Oplis-*
merus setarius and *hirtellus*
I didn't get a thing. I went
away back and started an-
other road, but it was
nearly noon before I got
anything new for me.

Then in a boggy place "varzea"
I found a Pasp. ^{*chrysotrichum*} that I recall
in herb. but can't remember name
of it is in ungrouped at end.
I meant to bring new ~~new~~ ^{list} to f

Pasp., wanted it most of all, but
failed to do so. I think we have
one specimen. And in the same
place *Panicum caricoides* ^{Stenod. de novo} for aff.
I began to feel better and forgot
the torturing ridges and
how hungry I was. In a
bit of campo I got Pasp. *retic-*
ulatum, new for Matti Gross
I think. As I recall only Gardner
and Glazian had collected this
besides myself in Minas. It was
described (Gardner) from Goyaz.

I got some more things to
for represent distribution, 45
numbers in all, 87 for the whole
"Amazon" region, and only 6 I'd
never gotten before. And my
hopes ^{had been} were so high!

I saw three toucans in a

tree across the river (about 30 ft away)
yesterday, the yellow-billed. They
were making a racket like
parrots.

I have 2 packages of dried
plants sewed up in bags, and
shall leave them here with
the ^{semi-}intelligent "hotel" keeper to
avoid wetting en route - my
trunk isn't water-tight. My
suitcase with clothes got
wet but that didn't bother
me. I got back in time for
bath ^{today} (in small basin) and change
of clothes. My feet have been so
soaked for a week they feel
delightfully comfortable in dry
stockings and shoes. It is past
9, but a Victrola is doing its awful-
est with scratched jazz records
and my room is not partitioned to
the ceiling, so I couldn't sleep - hence
this long letter.

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Bonito, Mato Grosso, April 8, 1930

6:30 a.m.

Waiting while things are being done to the car and hoping for some milk before leaving.

I can forgive Mato Grosso a good deal for yesterday. The road near the

São Lourenço, April 9. Wed 5:30
nearly dark

The call to milk came just then and though I had to wait nearly an hour more before the car really started my things always have to be packed in first, and I never withhold them for they are slow enough without the excuse of waiting for me. - Later after parking.

I'm writing by light of a ^{little} lamp
in a ^{little} bottle of kerosene, and
chimney. To go back to
Benito. "Benito" consists
of some 6 or 7 mud huts
widely separated, and
one decent looking
house. When we stopped
at a mud hut I asked
if we could go on to
the house. Jose said
something - all I under-
stood was "não vou" so
I suppose the people in
the house were not willing
to take in transients. I slept

in the car again to the
horror of the man and
woman. I explained it
was a custom of my
country for people to
sleep outdoors. A custom
needs some respect, how-
ever. Everyone seems
to be so concerned because
I'm not afraid of walking
across the camp or
carrado alone. Jose told
them, as one night of a
child bent on breaking
his neck, that I went
"dois kilometros ahead
(2) of the car. They

all warn me the oncas
will get me if I don't
watch out. The things they
tell about animals are
very funny. The ant-
eater clamps a man to
its breast and tears him
to pieces with its long
claws. The little fox I
saw attacks people, and
oncas are numerous
and lying in wait for
wandering rancheros.
And yet I am awfully
afraid of things of which
they have no fear. I

couldn't bear to sleep in
one of these mud huts
which harbor the bug
that carries elephantiasis.
I hate to have their flea-
bitten dogs come near
me and I don't like pigs
under foot, with their
bichas de pe. I hate to let
anything touch their floors
which they are all spitting
on. Leaving Rita Rita do
Araguaya Jose said he
was going to take a rapaze
[big boy, lad] because the
roads were very bad. I
declared I wasn't going

to pay any more. It
would be very little, he
said. How much? He
was going to pay the
boy himself, so I had no
objection. The youth has
been a help, he belongs in
this state and knows
the roads and detours, so
I released him and am paying
his keep, but shall not
pay any wages. I am
sure he is going in
order to see friends on
the way. As I started
to write the road near

the state line was very
good (for Brazil) running
through a sandy camp.
But some places yester-
day and today seemed
almost impassible and
we stuck twice today and
finally at 4 came to a
place where oxen were
needed and the boy went
back to this place. After
long waiting Jore drove
back here. The oxen
hadn't come (and haven't
yet, so far as I know)
there was nothing for it

but to stay here tonight.
It is São Lawrence, 3 huts
wide apart. The country
is very sparsely settled. On
Monday we left Sta Rita
about 7:30 and passed
but one (deserted?) hut
till we reached Bonito
about 6 p.m. I had
had nothing to eat
all day - had 1 cup of
café con. leite, no bread,
before leaving. The boy
had brought a big
bag of food and I went
collecting while the two

~~we~~ ate. We had oranges
along and I ate 3 or 4.
But before 10 o'clock I
had found *Paspalum*
marmoratum Kuhn.
(11864)
another *Pasp* I don't think
I had, a beautiful
Andropogon I never
saw before, and an
Axonopus new for me.
Pasp linear, an *Arctis*
and other thing I hadn't
collected in *Watts* Grass
kept up my spirits and
toward the end of the day
at a river I found 2

more *Paspalum* I don't
think I've had and an-
other beautiful *Andro-*
pogon (only 1 specimen).
Take an me I thought I
had 3 new *Pasp.* a
prostrate one was par-
ticularly interesting. There
was no time to turn a
lens on it. When putting
it in press by a waxy
taper I did use the lens
and it was *P. gardner-*
ianum again. That
thing is always fooling
me. Altogether I felt I

had a good day and
could stand the hunger
and eternal midges.
But I was very glad to
get rice and beans
and some squash at
Barito. In the morn-
ing we had some milk
(the boy like myself
"gosta leite" and he
knows how to get
people to get it. There
had been talk of the
fact that we would
not be able to get

always as the man
brought in some
"farofa" (farinha
mixed with fat and
chopped dried meat)
in a tin basin, with
^{tin} 3 ~~spoons~~ stuck in it
for us. I was so fixick,
I dipped out a spoonful
on my saucer and
ate it. It is astonishing
what a person will
do rather than starve
(if one is not on hunger
strike!) They sent

to another of the huts for
a cheese and a brick of
rapadura (brown
sugar) - you used it
for your meals in the
Andes. I was glad to
eat it. I'm like the
prodigal son, I'm vain
to fill up (almost) on the
hunks the swine did eat.
That rapadura was the
most satisfying thing
I've had for a long time.
I've been craving sugar,
the food is probably wanting

in this, there is seldom
desserts. I tried a little choco-
late candy, but it was
nasty. What a lot

about food - reminds
me of Spruce's notes on
the Amazon. He writes
of food so often. Poor
man, my heart (my
stomach, rather aches
for him). Leaving

Bonito I found a
flowering culm (one)
of an upright bamboo
of the campos, a Sparrow
new for me, the

pretty new *Elanurus* I
found in Gayo. *Ich-*
manthus versicolor? (the
Gayo species) *Pasp. trianth-*
um, not found in MG
before, and where we
stopped at 5 pm, Henbana,
a single hut with a
black man. (There was
probably a woman in
the background some-
where) I found a ~~man~~
in the stream that is
new for me - can't guess
it even. *Pan pterygodum*
or *versicolor* and *Pan*

~~travels~~ corridors again. I
slept in the car again. But
I took a bath by this
little stream by moon-
light so rested well. One
should learn to stand
on one foot without
crawling while washing
wiping, putting stockings
and shoe on the other
if one is going to lead
the simple life in the
sertão of Brazil. Today
Wednesday the roads of
have been awful and
I found nothing new
for me, though some
I hadn't had from M.G.

Ferry at São Lawrence, Friday, April 11

We left the fazenda where I was writing last, where I slept in the car again - after stepping into a train of army ants and having an awful time ridding myself of most of them with no place to undress, moonlight and the car close to the house full of men. The oxen pulled ~~up~~ about half a kilometer, then we came under our own steam to this Riv. It took a long time to get the man to pay any attention to hooks and pistol shots. Then he barked the dugouts for half an hour or more. The ferry is a platform and ^{slipping crossed} 2 dugouts. Then the men asked me to go on, they wanted to take a bath. I didn't blame them but asked them not to stop long. That

and then waiting for coffee (a tiny cup of better coffee) took nearly an hour of precious time and it was to be a long day's drive to next house. We could not buy food here, as I expected. The men ate what little was left of the cheese. I ate nothing but a few oranges. About noon we got into an awful stretch of road. Three times the men had to work, lifting the wheels by a plank used as a lever over some ~~logs~~ logs. These lying by the way indicated that our predecessors had used them also.

[The I helped by standing on the lever, between times wandering over the swampy ground. They were more than 2 hours getting over this place. It had been raining a steady drizzle all night and all morning. It stopped as we got

started. [I'm sitting in the auto, fighting mudges by the million while I write. That's why this writing is worse than usual.] At this varzea (grassy swamp) I found a *Panicum* new for me, *P. feibrigii* probably, of the *trachyspermum* group, anyway, and several other pretty good things, new for me for Matt's Grass. After this delay we went at a good rate, except for a puncture, till we reached Rio Itu. The bridge was out. We had been told ^{at the ferry that} the *carinhão*s with Mr & Mr. Thomas, missionaries, had passed here the day before, so the bridge must have gone after they passed it. The river was high, certainly couldn't be forded. Joel said we'd have to return here and "espera." I agreed we would

have to return, but said I could
not wait, we would go on
back. I had expected to get more
money at branch of Banco do
Brasil in Cuyabá but I would
have to stop over at Uberaba,
(on the Ry some 5 hours south
of Uberlandia) and get money
there, and send registered to
Jose. He said, very kindly, that
it was all right about his money,
I could send it anytime, but he
didn't have gasoline enough to
reach Sta Rita Araguaya where he
last got a supply, he had to go
to Cuyabá to get gasoline. How? the
bridge was out (I said); return as
far as gas held out, hope to get
some from passing caminhão

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(though we passed but 2 (stuck in the mud) in Matt's Gross). He could reach Rondonópolis on what he had, he agreed, so I said we'd telegraph there - (I'd seen an office) to Sta Rita to send gasoline urgent. I collected between times of this argument. The two had to sit on the wrecked end of the bridge and talk and smoke. After getting a Mesocetum new for me and some other interesting things I told them if we were to return to start now and presently they did. We had another puncture, during repair of which I walked ahead and got Paspalum malesum durvise. With its white hairs all soaked in rain (it was raining again) I didn't guess its group at first.

I forgot to say that at the verge
of long delay on sand beyond
it, I got *Thrasya petrosa* or affinis,
probably Pilger's var. *minuta*. That
leaves my tall *Thrasya* unguess-
able. It is too frequent to have
escaped description. It is prob-
ably described as *Panicum*, one
of the names I haven't placed.
Altogether, it wasn't a bad day
for me and I wasn't as sorry
to turn back as I might have
been. The "voyage" has been so
much slower than calculated
I've been very apprehensive about
getting back to Rio by April
23 or 4 at latest, giving me time
for the Petropolis trip and possibly
Itatiaia again. As Mr. Maxwell

said, Brazilians have no con-
ception of time. I found Jose did
not know the date we started
nor how long we'd been out.
He is very good, as Brazilian go,
but I couldn't but be uneasy
about his getting me back before
the first of May if then. He said
Sunday it was "impossible" we
should not reach Curitiba by
Friday, probably before. He had
one box of gasoline, 2 tires, when
we turned back. It had taken 4
from Sta Rita. According to my
map we were not much more
than half way. Neither of the men
understood the map or could
pick out where we were on it. So

last night, in the automobile which
is my regular bedroom, when I
waked I did ^{not} lie trying to figure
out how soon I could get back.
I have not found lots of things
I hoped for - my first impression
of Matt's Grasso is strengthened - it
is the most disappointing, filthiest,
insect-ridden place I've ever been.
- No Paul's Affonso was more dis-
appointing, but for torments and
miseries piled up I have never
experienced anything like it. We
got back to the ferry a little before
dark, getting some rice and beans
- incredible carne was also served.
We were all soaking wet and
very hungry. I managed to
change my clothes in the dark
in a second "room". There was

no door to the doorway so I⁶¹
called to Jose not to let the
men come near there while
I changed to dry clothes. He
came and barricaded the
doorway and I did some
more stunts in balancing,
standing on this pressing
paper. — This has been written
between 7 am. and 10 o'clock. There
was cafe (nothing more) then I changed
driers on yesterday's lot. My things were
inside the hut so I couldn't get at
them until the men got up - that
is turned out of their hammocks
ready dressed. The ferry boat had
gone down stream and the boat
man and his small boy were trying
to bring it back. After a while our 2
men and finally the owner of this place

added their efforts. Then wouldn't I take the photos of the populace. I focused on the car and finally Jose got them all lined up. It was cloudy so I feared the result wasn't much. Then it was about 8:30 and we were to wait for almoca. I'd seen the man preparing a chicken and feared we would wait for it. Almoca over the sun came out a minute and I unwisely suggested trying another photo. Our men "hustled" the population and I kept calling "venca agora" and they came hurrying about as fast as a sloth moves - in spite of the fact that they were eager to be photographed. After that I asked what we were waiting for. The boatman was making a paddle. About 10 the car was

driven on to the ferry, and it was carried down stream around a bend. That's where we are now. The slow-moving boatman moved fast for once in trying to prevent this. His wife had another one and his boy another. (I gave the boy a mouth-organ this morning.) The river is high and the current strong. The ferry is tied to a tree now and we are waiting. I don't know what for, maybe for the river to go down. The oxen are at the other side of the ferry landing waiting for us. It doesn't bother them and their drivers to wait. When we bumped here I grabbed *Hymenachne donacifolia* and *Panicum zizanioides* to the amusement of Jose. I'm now

thankful every minute that I'm on
the return journey. Josi says we
are awaiting more men. It is
so characteristic to wait till it
happened and then get more
men. The river is high, they were
all talking of the possibility of
being carried down stream. The
men will have to talk and smoke
and wait for more coffee before they
come, of course. We are all lumpy
from insect bites and scratches and
cuts. Coming back yesterday when
we reached the place that misled
us 3 times the men sought a
detour through the cerrado. While
Jose drove I went on ahead carrying
my camera which I didn't want
bumped. It was raining and
awful going through the brush.
The whole day had been so hard

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that I told José (he hadn't complained except of the awful roads) that I would pay an extra day's wages for that day. He can share with his friend, if he chooses.

We saw deer twice, ^{as we were} crossing Matto Grosso, flocks of curved-billed birds, "curiecaia", parrots by the hundred, not so many as at Dourados, and ^{orange-billed} toucans. Saturday afternoon last I saw 3 toucans making a lot of noise in a tree across the Araguaya. I have seen them, solitary and in 2's and 3's several times since. Their flight is ^a quick labored working of the wing like the parrots, but after working for a minute they glide, then work again, then glide. It is so characteristic I can tell them at a distance. I didn't meet

any ouças. If the woods are full of them, as I'm told, they must have seen me first. This is the first place I've encountered people sick with "febre," which means malaria. (I'm thinking of things to be afraid of.) I've wrapped myself in my mosquito net carefully each night. In spite of awful food or none, being wet every day, and sleeping ^{doubled up} in the front seat of the automobile I'm perfectly well, no headache even, nothing the matter with me but tormentingly itchy bumps. I got into another army of ants this morning, but saw them in time to avoid more than a few dozen. I retired up the road and went hunting them. They are terrible. The men were wailing over the formigas, too.

A woman, who helped paddle, has been standing on the running board looking on at my writing part of the last quarter hour. This is good manners, apparently, here. It is so frequently done. I'm sitting in the car as the least midgy place, but they are awful. It is now 11 o'clock.

That *Paspalum* at Sta Rita Araguaya is *approximatum*. I'm so glad to have found these additional *Paspalums*.

That falls near Sta Rita ~~arent~~ ^{is} the falls of the Araguaya. The cachoeira de Araguaya is some 30 leagues down stream. This, the São Lourenço, is a beautiful stream, but I'm not in a mood to appreciate it. The men are chopping along the shore, making ready to pull the ferry back by using chains around trees, I suppose, and women are bailing out the dug outs. It is sunny at last. If only it would stop

raining. It is past the rainy season now, but I seem to be a rain maker. Those awful Goyaz roads are to be crossed yet. — A green and black humming bird is darting about a colony of red flowers on the wet bank. — I often think how good it will be to get on board ship, have enough water to bathe, running water for my teeth, enough water to drink, and good things to eat, as well as a clean bed, and no mud any where. I'm not going to be seasick this time. I'm going to stay well and enjoy it all. I keep thinking of milk-toast and such for breakfast. I dreamed of a big loaf of graham bread, could smell it. Some one was slicing it — and then I waked — cruel awakening. Another woman is leaning over me. These people seem to be a mixture of Indian and negro, as is Jose with white added about half, I'd guess. The aquiline nose of the Indian seems to be a "dominant"

character, like the kinky hair of the negro. Jose has a face Indian and white, but almost kinky hair.

4:45 same day, other side of São Lourenço, where I was on p. 37 and which I thought was just about "the limit." Last night's was so much worse that I'm thankful to be back here, and especially thankful that we finally got across the river. I was feeling pretty desperate. If we waited for the river to go down we might wait a week or more. The men were tortured by farmigas and the food was scant and very badly cooked, beans and rice about half done, chicken today likewise. I'm glad it was so bad or we might have stayed there. I went back a mile or more out of the weeds

telling Jose I'd return at 2. The men were working to get the barca (ferry boat) back up stream. Shortly after I quit writing they got the automobile back on land and to the havel where we passed the night. Then I struck for the camps. I got an *Eragrostis* in eroded sand that I don't think I've had before, but *Eragrostis* are so variable I never know whether they are new or old.

I got a few other things just for locality, the tall *Thraupis*, *Leptocoryphus*, *Elioimurus* and such. I got the Paep that I think is Hackel's *Eriophloa castanea* that I got at Tres Lagoas. [The mridges are still biting and my face and neck are all sore from them and very sensitive.]

About 3 Jose said we were

going to try crossing at another place. If we couldn't make it we would have to wait for the river to go down. I was mightily relieved to have him try and felt hopeful when I saw several husky men at the ferry, which was farther up stream than the regular place. I never saw men work so hard in my life, in the water and at the paddles in the dugouts. They got the ferry up stream in the less rushing water near the shore, pulling on trees, swimming with a rope in the teeth, tying it to a tree, the others pulling on that. In less than an hour we were up stream about a thousand feet, then swung out, the men's muscles like great cables, and down stream to the other landing. Again they swam ashore and tied up. It was a magnificent display of strength. I gave Jose 10⁰⁰ extra to give the men. I

would have been glad to give more
(that was the figure José ^{suggested} gave) but money
would do nothing for them but buy
tobacco. It is incomprehensible ~~at~~
why men who can work so hard
(the same men that move like
sloths usually) and intelligently
together, do not build a bridge
and roads and decent houses
instead of living in such abject
squalor. The oxen had been
waiting hours on the other side and
brought us over the bad place. We
reached here about 4:30, too late to go
on today. José has gone off on
horse back - I hope he has some
project in mind looking toward
finding gasoline somewhere. I've
numbered the day's collection but
can't put in driers until car is
unloaded. I've taken a partial
bath down at the river and

done a little washing. I'm awfully
sorry we couldn't get off the SOS for
gasoline today. We may have to
wait 2 or 3 days for it. But I am
glad this happened, if it had to
happen, on the way to Curitiba, not
on the return after so much delay
getting there. We ought to get back
to Uberlandia at worst by April 23
and I hope before.

This will be mailed in Rio, so
when you read this far (if you
ever do) you'll know I got out
alive - what the midges have
left of me. I'm hoping we may be
able to get some gasoline from a
passing caminhão, the ~~St.~~ Campo
Grand Road joins out ours on
tomorrow's run. There is a mis-
sion at Rondonópolis where I
stopped just 5 minutes to say

How do in English. I hope they can
tell us some place near where
we may be able to get gasoline.
Jose thinks gas ^{we have} will take us to
Humbura, beyond Rondonopolis.
Our SOS will order gas sent there.
The telegraph office is near the
mission. I ask the missionaries
to word the telegram to mean
hurry - if there is such a word in
Portuguese. - Jose says he has a
friend in telegraph office and he
will wire "urgente"

There is a beautiful pink and
gray sunset, though the sun hasn't
been out. "Where every prospect
pleases, And only man [and
insects] are vile."

Sta Rita do Araguaya, Goyaz
[there is a Sta Rita do Arag on each
side of the river, this about 3
mile farther up stream]
[MONTANA] April 14, 8:15 pm

Jose's homeback trip was to look for
his ring. He lost it during the
day and was disconsolate.
Next morning he left me and
the car over an hour, when
we got reached the main
road to go back again and
search, he and his friend.
It cost 250\$ he said. I told
him if he got me back to
Uberlandia Sunday April 20
I'd give him the price of the
ring and he could get another.
That isn't as generous as it

sounds. I pay him 100¢ a day
and living. If he fools along
till Tuesday or Wednesday I'll
have to pay him for those days.
I think this will get me back
Sunday. hope so; and will
cost me no more or but
little more. I don't think
Jose is sharp enough to fig-
ure that out. He cheered up
after I told him that and vows
he will get me back next
Sunday. At least I'm out
of Matto Grasso. When I've
gone about "sozinho" (all
alone), which makes people
marvel, I've been thirsty and
hungry, tired and insect-
tortured, but I never

suffered anxiety, while I've been
anxious and worried all the
time I've had this "help." There
has been so much waiting
for him and his friend that
there has been no time for
me to stop as much as I
wished. A rocky place we
passed rather late going I
intended to explore when we
returned. It was almost
dark when we reached it
last night - the men had
stopped to talk to men on
a carinhão passing, at a
house, where they waited for
coffee, and had kept me waiting
more than half an hour in

the morning. I feel so help-
lessly at their mercy. This
inability to control my
doings keeps me worried.
If I go far ahead of the car
I don't know if they'll ever
come - they have no watch,
Jose's being broken. I walked
some 4 or 5 kilometers ^{day before} yes-
terday and in 3 hours started
back. I'd left them fixing
something about the car
that they said would
take them an hour. That
was the day they delayed to
search for the ring. At a
but some distance of the

main road, they inquired
about gasoline. There was a
supply on hand and after
talking for some time the
woman went at a snail's
pace to find her husband.
After a long time he came
and after more talk he
said he'd sell 2½ boxes, neces-
sary to get us here, for 120\$ a
box. It is 75\$ a box here. But
if I telegraphed here I'd have
to pay 2 days' wages to have
it brought to us, so I bought
at 120\$ and was greatly
relieved that we could get
it. It was there the additional
3 hours delay occurred.

We reached the mission

at Rondonópolis about 4. I
asked if I could stay over
night. I was welcomed
most kindly; the men
were given a clean wooden
cabin nearby to hang their
hammocks. They went off
to the river to bathe and I
had a warm bath in
one of the great Brazilian
baths on a clean floor,
a delicious dinner of vege-
tables and fruit and tea
with lime, and home-made
American bread, and slept
stretched out on a clean
cot. The men were given
dinner, too, and café con
leite

and bread and butter in the morning. We had waffles, the nurse of the mission, who let me share her room, having gotten up very early to prepare this treat. They asked if I would stop for morning devotions. I said I would. Let the men wait for me for once. But I was mistaken. Ten minutes later I couldn't find them, harked the horn and finally located them in a house up the road. In a moment they'd come. There and at the ferry, stopping to talk again after the ferry and planks were in position. They wasted more than

half an hour. Then two more stops to talk and it was too dark when we reached the rocks far me to stop. I lay awake in the car last night trying to put my protest into Portuguese and this morning delivered my lecture, but we were long getting off, nevertheless. But I stopped for half an hour on a gravelly hillside and again 10 minutes to dry driers. We reached here just before 6. José says he has to make some repairs. That he will try if possible

to leave after amanhã (11 or 12) tomorrow. I'm staying on the Goyaz side. The road loops back into Goyaz from Sta Rita in Matto Grosso and crosses the river higher up. I'll run out to a bit of varzea near the river in the morning. I've had no startling discoveries on return journey. Found an *Axonopus* new for me, I think, an *Isachne* in water, also new for me; a little more of the sect *Arundinaria* with spikelets, pretty old ones, Pasp approximately again, only enough for 3 specimens, and something

I hadn't had from Matt
Grosso. ¶ We saw 3 deer today
and a flock of 5 emus. We
saw toucans every day and
parrots, ^{large woodpeckers} and other interesting
birds. At Rondonópolis, the
place I called Indian Reserva-
tion, but which is General
Rondon's fazenda instead, there
was a large bird somewhat
like a cassowary, but smaller
and very handsome. For
some reason it followed
me around when I was
spreading driers and even
when I went up the road
to collect. It kept up a con-
tinuous querulous croak.

April 15- 11:30 am. ⁸⁵ Same place.
I've just learned that Lin tied
up here for the day. Jasi sent
word by someone over from
the Matto Grosso side that he
can't get the car ready to go
by noon. We'd have to leave
then in order to make a
stopping place. Well, I'm
thankful to be in this decent
place anyway. This morn-
ing I went out to the wet
ground along Rio Araguaya
Goyaz side, and got about 20
numbers, nothing new for
me, unless a *Panicum* of *Pennis*
group should be. I came
back to dry. driers and be
ready for Jasi. I'll go out
again after almoço. It is
good to get decent food again.

I forced myself to eat all I could along the way at "jantai" the evening meal, but as soon as the keen edge of hunger left, disgust overcame me.

It is rice harvest time, most of the fazendas where we stopped, both in Goiás and M.G. had great piles of rice in the hulls (spikelets) in the main room of the house. People and dogs walked over it and sat down in it.

Later 7 p.m. This afternoon I struck south and in a little ravine found *Olyra heliantha*, which I missed in M.G. "whence described." It is a handsome thing, new for me. I also got *Pasp. ellipticum*, I think,

a species new for me, anyway. And I was glad to get *Pasp. pictum* again on the ~~Goian~~ ^{Goian} side, also the slender *Pasp.* the name of which I can't recall, in ungrouped at end. I forgot to mention a big *Panicum* ~~virgatum~~ ^{virgatum} *Virgata* group new for me, found ~~today~~ ^{today}.

It rained suddenly this afternoon about 3 and I got back soaked to the skin. The kindly senhora offered me wine, which I begged out of. "Faz mal?" "Sim, nunca bebo vinho." Then as I was bathing came a tap at the door and a ~~box~~ ^{tray} with hot milk ~~and~~ ^{and} cafe and biscoitas. Sim (crackers).

trying to guess who these people are. They aren't native Brazilians. She is Portuguese, I think, speaks of things in Portugal. The man, keeper of the store, auto supplies etc., may be Italian or "Turk" - "Turk" here is Syrian, Armenian or any kind of near-Oriental. He has good manners - conspicuous here.

I think I've discovered the source of the myth of the perils of Matto Grosso. The travelers who have endured its multitude of discomforts and torments feel entitled to medals for valor. If they told of the insect-torture, of filth and mud and such, people at home would only laugh, so they tell of Indians with poisoned arrows, snakes and such. The natives are

full of fears. I was repeatedly
 warned about onças. The fact
 that onças are more afraid of
 man than man of onças
 never occurs to them. I'm sorry
 to say I didn't see an onça, but
 the men did yesterday - I was
 looking for grasses the other
 side of the machine. The onça
 was bounding away when
 they caught sight of it and
 stopped the car. They didn't
 get a shot at it, to my joy.
 The ant eater, (of all things) tears
 a man to pieces, the cobras
 swallow him whole. I tried
 to tell José, who has been worried
 about my going far from the
 car, that I was not
 (as mild) →

because I did not carry arms.
That it was his weapons (he was
oil his revolver at the time) that
made him fear. I didn't have
enough Portuguese to make it
clear, and the idea was too
strange for him anyway. No,
he wasn't afraid, he had revolvers
and gun! All the men go
armed. Neither of these men
went left the car, even to cut
palms or hunt logs to fill
up holes ^{in the road}, without taking their
guns, and their revolvers
were in their belts. Most
men wear knives besides.
No wonder they live in fear.
They are like an admiral in
command of a fleet of war-
ships. I told Jose if I

could kill bichos [insects] with
a gun I might carry one. The
nurse at the mission at Ran-
domopolis gave me a lotion
she made of alcohol, carbolic
acid, camphor and other stuff
to relieve insect torment. It was
a wonderful relief. It numbs
the skin enough to let one far-
get for a while. I rubbed
all over with it after my hot
bath and regained my sanity.
She gave me a little bottle to
take along. I forgot that
besides ~~the~~ oucas I was warned
against Indians. When we
stopped at Rondon's fazenda
last week for almaca, I struck
out for the thick cerrado. Jose
hurried after and told me it

was perigosa to go into the woods.
"Porque?" "Os Indios!" in a tone
of fearful warning. No
wander magazine writers
tell long stories about Matto
Grasso. Both Dr. Golden and Mr.
Maxwell say there are desperados,
fugitives from justice and "bad
men" like our Jesse James a
generation ago, toward the
headwaters of the Amazon. Mr.
Maxwell remarked if he met
any of them nothing but the
Lord could save him, anyway,
and a pistol wouldn't help
any. The insects and the filth
are the only "dangers" I encountered.
When, from a height, we saw
the Araguaya yesterday, Josi
exclaimed "Gracias a Deus e
nosso Senhor" and I felt

like saying amen. I guess I'm
 sore because Mesquiteum
 auratum, and several other
 things described from Mato
 Grosso eluded me. There
 is much that is beautiful
 in M. G. With the car going
 at a pretty good rate, 20 km
 or more an hour, the insects
 couldn't keep up and I could
 enjoy the country. Toward
 the east side, yesterday's run,
 there are flat-topped serras,
 (chapadas) some deeply eroded. One,
 seen across the deep valley
 suggested (much reduced) the
 wall of the Grand Canyon, the
 shadows deep blue, the sunlit
 parts red. Towards evening

evening as we went down
a slope a picture spread before
us that might have been
an allegorical one. The deep
valley below lay in shadow,
the narrowing road ran
straight up hill beyond to
the summit flooded with
lovely after-rain light, and,
seemingly joining the ~~top~~^{good}
top of the road, the end of a
segment of rainbow, reach-
ing to white clouds above.
It was a remarkable and
beautiful "composition." The
sunset was glorious.

I spoke of the many
parrots seen. I saw a
few "araras" also, the very

large parrots of gorgeous blue
and yellow, that call
"ararra."

- Later. Josi has been over
to say he will be here at 6:30 am.
I wonder! I'll be ready, however.
Pasp. elipticum
Olyra helicacris, and the Gays
localities for *Pasp. pictum* and
the other, have made sure less
provoked with him. He has
friends in Sta Rita in Matto Grosso
and I suppose has been talking
and drinking coffee most of
the day - for which I have to
pay him 100\$. But when I
think of Mr. Maxwell's men,
and the Goyaz man that kept
me waiting an hour and a half
and then went off without me,
after my paying for passage,

I must admit Jose isn't so
bad, but I shall be glad when
I'm rid of him and can manage
my going and coming myself.

April 17 - Jatahy. Half way
across Goyaz and reasonably
sure now of reaching Uber-
landia (the railway) Sunday,
leaving Monday morning.

When I had a chance to
turn the lens on Pasp "ellipticum"
as I thought I found it was
Pasp monachyrium, equally
good. Jose showed up after

7 instead of 6:30 and it took
nearly an hour to pack up
gasoline and my stuff. He
had picked up another man,
to my disgust, for me to pay

for almocosa and jantar for. It is easier to pay than to try to argue in Portuguese. As I wrote after leaving here going west the bridge is out on the caminhão or motor road by way of Mineiros, so we had to use an old oxcart road far to the north. We had a companion car going, and I think José got this fellow to help find the road back. Much or most of it is a complex of ruts and gullies averaging 100 to 500 meters wide, sometimes eroded into deep *chacinas* and arroyos

as much as 25 or 30 ft deep. We backed up about as much as we went forward and I waited long while the men went path finding nothing to collect in this awful bad lands. It is appalling what ox carts do to a country. The oxen have to graze and they eat all the good plants for a long distance each side of the "badlands" made by cart wheels. We got off early this morning for the first time, having stayed at a very dirty hovel. I slept in car, as usual. There was a

thunderstorm and I (and Josi, too) had forgotten my rubber poncho, leaving it at Sta Rita. He had had his rapadura done up in it and it was a mess of stickiness. I washed it off and showed him where I spread it on the fence right by the car, to take the last thing. It was as much my fault as his that we left it there. Josi brought me his ^{waterproof} circular cape. He had his hammock in the house. I asked if he wouldn't need it. He said the senhora

needed it none. About 5
I heard someone open the
door and I got up. It was
poor Joe nearly frozen. It
was wonderful moonlight.
He stirred up the family to get
cave and packed the little
we had unpacked and
after half-warmed cave
we got off by moonlight
before 6. But we lost
some 2 hours before we
had gone far, hunting
roads. A barbed wire fence
cut directly across the ox-
road [we didn't encounter
this on way west, so we
must have gone another

road, though equally bad].
Driving a long way across
the brushy campos we came
to the end of the fence, then
drove back on the other
side to the road. A little
more and a puncture.

I walked on during repairs
and found another barb-
wire, followed it far
enough to find it formed
a great rectangle, so I
hurried back to tell José.
It was after 9 when we
finally struck a road
(or cart "road") We got almost

in the "porcaria" where I first slept in the automobile.

There has not been much to collect on this return journey through Gayaz. I got everything I saw going west, and there has been no time to get off and explore places. From here east we follow the auto road, bad enough, but nothing like so bad as the ox road.

We saw deer yesterday and today several times, today two half grown ones. In spite of the need

to hurry José has to stop and shoot at them. When I protested he said he wanted the señora to have a hide to take to North America (^{story} made up on the instant, doubtless) but I told him I wouldn't take one. He has never hit anything, so I'm not greatly worried any more. But the deer have so little sense. They stand and look when they ought to be running. Today while walking on ahead while water and gasoline were being filled up I came across a deer quite close. It ran a little then turned

and stared at me. I would
have enjoyed it greatly if
I hadn't feared Jose would
see. I tried to keep between
the deer and the car so he
wouldn't dare shoot, and
I tried to scare it off, but
it only stared the more.
But when the noise of the car
started it went flying, to
my relief. I saw a little
fox curled up at the side
of the road, just the color
of the red-clay dust. He
slipped into the tall grass
and Jose didn't see him.
We saw erms several
times, once the largest

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flock I've seen, must have been 25 or 30.

I find people are shocked that I'm going to travel to-morrow, ~~Holy~~ Santa Seixta-feira (Good Friday) - and Saturday they'll all take part in a jamboree burning Judas in effigy and carrying on as U.S. does on halloween. I tell them it is necessary, and foré wants the price of another ring bad enough to drive tomorrow. — Rio Verde

April 18. I discovered the cause of the concern about my supposed irreligious

disregard of Good Friday.
This morning Josi delayed
till after almoço at 10. I got
in a little botanizing before
that. The senhora of the
pensão, who very kindly
gave me a big basin of
warm water in the kitchen
last night for a bath, asked
several times this morning
if I was going to travel
today. I supposed she was
distressed over my lack of
religious observances. When
I wanted to stop about 1 o'
clock, the sun blazing hot,
to dry my stack of

driers, Josi objected. He wanted
to reach Rio Verde early, he
didn't want to work all day
this holy day. Sin fed up on
Josi's wishes and insisted
on getting out my driers.
As I spread them I thought
out in Portuguese "If the
senhor gets paid for
Santa sexta-feira, the senhor
must work on Santa 6^{ta} feira.
I delivered this statement
after driers were in the car
again and all was ready
to go. Josi looked at me in
genuine surprise. "But I

am afraid to drive the auto-
movel on Santa ~~sestafena~~
something bad may happen."
It was so like Brazil and
yet it hadn't occurred to
me. I had to laugh, and
Josi grinned, but somewhat
dubiously. I thought he
was getting religious all of
a sudden. He will probably
tell all his days of the
foreign senhora so ignorant
she didn't know Indios
and onças were perigosa,
who didn't know any
better than to eat oranges
in the morning, even before

cape, and who didn't know Santa septapira was the most unlucky day of the year. And the senhora was so stupid she couldn't even learn. I wonder if he doesn't think I have some especially efficient "santina" who protects me in my reckless career. It is funny but tragic, too, that this beautiful country should be full of imaginary malevolent beings to its inhabitants.

I found 3 species new for me today. At Rio Dace

where I found *Hamulepis*
aturensis growing in water
(it is now in mud only) I
found *Panicum pterygodum*
itself; at least it is not the
same as the other species
of this group which keyed
to *versicolor*. I told José
I would walk the last 10
km here, to let me know
when about that distance.
He let me off near a little
stream where I got several
things, not new for me, but
on a sandy slope not far
off I got what I think is

170084
Pasp. minarum at last.
It is new for me in any
case. In another piece of
campo, badly invaded by
Melinis I was delighted to
find *Pasp. heterotrichon*. It
was very unpromising
territory and my mind
was thousands of miles
away, in Washington in
fact, but my eyes were
on the job and brought
me up with a jerk. After
getting a nice lot into the
portfolio I walked back a
little to see if I'd missed
it, but didn't find any.

Tomorrow is a long run to
Sta Rita de Paranahyba. We
took 2 days coming from
there here, but 2 short days.
I hope we get off early.

The electric light in my
room is about $\frac{1}{2}$ candle
power. I had a hard time
getting my plants in press.
The boy came to squirt "Flit"
around for the mosquitoes
so I came out to dining
room where the several
lights combined are a little
better. Jari has just come
to say we shall leave at 5.
I shall be ready and wait.
Dear knows how long.

Sta Rita do Paranahyba April 20
Waiting (as usual). A spring
brake in the car yesterday
and a new one had to be
put in here. I think it was
done last night, but Josi
says it is necessary to stay
here till after almsoca. This,
Easter, is a holiday. There
was firing off of pistols,
(or giant fire crackers maybe)
before daylight and a
procession singing. There
was a man's voice, priests
I suppose, then chorals of
women's voices. The church
is across the square, and by

the sound I judge they paraded around it.

We did get off early yesterday. Jose came to my door at 4:45 while I was changing dresses. Cafe (warmed up) and bread and butter were ready at 5 (I gave the girl a tip for getting up so early) and we were off by moonlight. It is surprising how much the country has dried up since we passed 3 weeks ago. The campos are now well past their best. I guess I went just about the best time. I got more *Bouteloua brasiliensis*, more mature

than before. - I walked the last 6 km (according to Jose) but I think it was more. I think he has no more idea of distance than of time. ^{Day before} Yesterday's 10 km. was certainly not that much, and yesterday I had to stumble along the road the last half hour in the dark. Goyaz is higher than Matt's Grosses and it is very cold at night. The last few nights I've shivered all night, though I add the voluminous mosquito net to the bedding.

I have greatly enjoyed this trip, at least when I wasn't

half-frantic from clouds of
midges. The Brazilians call
them mosquitos, but they
are not mosquitos - there
are plenty of them, besides, but
tiny flies that suck blood. Wip-
ing off a lot ^(smashing them) leaves the skin
smeared with blood. Goyaz
is (this southern part of it) a
succession of chapados,
plateaus with gently sloping
valleys between. The altitude
is from 400 to 700 meters. The
country is mostly campo
and cerrado. "Cerrado" is the
term used for open or
rather dense woods of low
crooked gnarled trees, with

grasses, or grasses and brush, between. *Tristachya leiotachya* up to 3 M tall is conspicuous, growing nearly as thick as a corn crop, in large areas. I wanted to get a good photo of it, the one I took on the way to Durados not being good. The tawny panicles against the blue sky are striking as viewed, but it is awfully hard to get them to show well in a photo, they are constantly waving. I mean I didn't succeed in getting them to show. But it takes time

to get out the camera and tripod and yesterday we did hurry, making in one day what had taken two going. About sun-up the car stuck in the mud crossing a varzea (marsh). Jose said the sun in his eyes had made him rive into this bad spot. We had dropped the second man, to my relief, at Jatahy, so when Jose had found pieces of logs and a plank (these things seem always to be around somewhere near the worst places) and to lift the ^{back} wheel I helped

by sitting on the end of the plank and pulling for all I was worth on clumps of grass to hold myself down. Jose said something about my not being pesado. I'm quite a bit lighter than when I started this trip, I think. If a woman wants to "reduce" she can do so by batizing in the far sertão of Brazil. The lever was ~~was~~ too short, really. But he finally got enough grass stuffed below to try to pull out. The wheels whirred but did not go forward. Then I pushed as I had seen the man do, and to my surprise and

delight out it went. "Powerful
Katriska!" José said something
about "poderosa." I wondered
what this whole experience is
doing to José's "ideal of woman-
hood," - thinking of ex-president
Taft's pathetic plaint ~~as to that~~
~~what~~ woman's demand for
equal rights was shattering
his "ideal of womanhood." It
is certainly true Brazil de-
veloped "suffragettes."

We saw a half-grown
deer quite close yesterday. It
stopped to stare, to my dis-
trust, but a dog that had
insisted on coming with
us from Rio Verde, riding on the
running board, took

after it and the little thing
bounded off into the dense
cerrado, before Jose could
fire. Jose had seemed not
unwilling to let the dog
come (though he wore a collar
with a number), flattered, as
people are, by the dog's attach-
ment, but when the dog re-
turned from the edge of the
cerrado Jose gave the poor
beast a "kick in the stats"
and called him names. I
rewarded the dog by a chicken
bone when we stopped for
almoço. I have made up
my account with Jose. I shall
have to send him 1500\$ from

Uberaba. Of the 3600\$ I had
with me I'll only keep enough
to get to Uberaba (where I change
trains anyway and where
there is a Banco do Brasil) and
then owe Jose a conto and a
half. The whole will have
cost me a little more than
5 contos, some \$550. My
trunkful of dried grasses is
the most costly baggage I
ever had. But I'm glad I
went, though sorry I missed
so many things.

I'm going out to walk in
the sun and warm up before
almooça at 10. I'll be glad to
get back to clean clothes and

a sweater this evening. I brought
no wrap, except the rubber poncho
and left that, unfortunately.

Monday April 21. Uberlandia -
waiting for train time 9 am.
We didn't get off from Sta Rita de
Paranahyba till nearly 1. Jose
meant to get the price of his
ring by reaching here Sunday,
but characteristically the last
minute. He was working on
his car the last hour or two
before leaving. There was
no time to search the few
bits of matta in Minas as
I had hoped to do. Jose had
the nerve to remark the
night before that I'd miss
him. I'll miss him as I miss

the mridges. I did find one
thing new for me yesterday, as
we sped along at 40 km an
hour or more - this Minas
road is very good - a beauti-
ful tall Sporobolus, one speci-
men. There were others, but
with spikes all fallen. I feel
that if Jose hadn't wanted
so much time, so that I could
have had time to linger in
promising places, I would
have found much more.
I've lost more on this trip than
in all the rest of my journey-
ing: 2 ^{of my} traps disappeared
from the automobile; the
pouches, ^{a hat,} soap, my best pair

of knickers, Eversharp pencil, I
lost. The serious loss was
yesterday. When we unpacked
here last night my camera
was missing. I watched, ^{as usual} to
see that everything was packed
and the camera was wedged
in the back. Jose ties ropes
across the whole, his baggage
~~as~~ well as mine, and I
supposed the rope would
run through the handles
of the camera cover as usual.
Jose had said he wanted me
to take a picture of him and
the car and he wanted to take
one of the "automovel and
the senhara." I'd said he

night, but didn't say I'd send him a print as he expected. Of course I wouldn't. He has fussed when I untied the ropes before to get the camera and this time, because he wanted a picture, I he must have left the camera untied. I feel desperately bad over it, but my first thought was thank heaven I had not put my field book in the camera case as I have done some days fearing it might drop out of the pocket in my portfolio with my hurried pumping

in and out. ~~All~~ The Gayay-math Grasses exposures, 10 only, were in the camera case. Well, I can buy another camera and I couldn't replace the field book. If I had acceded to Joe's wish to stop and take picture of him and the car and another of the car and me I'd have discovered the loss sooner. I had so much packing to do that night, and he had started so late and then spent 15 minutes visiting at a house (I walked on but it was all grazed and weedy), so I told him there wasn't time.
— Uheraba, Tuesday 8:30 am

The bank wasn't open yesterday. Easter Monday being a holiday. The best (quickest) way to Rio is by way of São Paulo. Though it is longer there are good connections, while ~~westward~~ eastward, as I'd hoped to go, I'd have to wait over a night, ^{at Anaxa} and several hours in other places. So I leave at 1:30, ^{having} time to get the money. I reach Rio ~~Thursday~~ ^{Wednesday} night. I don't know how I'm going to wait till 9 next morning for mail at the consulate.

When I found the bank closed I changed into khaki and went out north. This

is the second largest city in
Minas and it took an hour
to get away from weeds. I
had seen *Pasp splendens* and
Pasp stellatum from the
train not far from here
and wanted to quiet my
perturbed spirit by collecting
them once more. I'd scarcely
slept at all the night before-
had ^{unpacked and} packed till midnight
and then too upset to sleep.
Most grasses are past their
best now, but much of these
two beauties was still in
perfect condition and I got
several fine duplicates. I said
good by to lovely *Pasp splendens*

I'll probably never see it
growing again. These and
P. stellatum were unusually
large plants. I got a few
other things, nothing new
for me. These have to re-
main in the portfolio till
I reach Rio. I slept well
last night. — Thursday morning
Apr 24. Back in Rio and scrubbed
in a bathtub of hot water — the joy
of it. Got in last night. I'm waiting
impatiently for 9 o'clock for the
consulate to open to get my
mail — more than 6 weeks
since I've had any. I'll mail this
on my way. Very best wishes,
Sincerely Al

Rio de Janeiro April 24 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I was glad to get your letter of March 7 and 29, but I am very sorry you had an attack of grip. I am glad you recovered so quickly. I enjoyed your account of the Bot. Soc. dinner. Wish I could have been there - that is without being away from Brazil just then. How that beard, with the ends thrown over the shoulders has diminished! - almost as much as Waite's curly locks.

U. S. Grass herbarium has certainly come to be the grass center of the world - that has so long been my dream. What a wide training Mr.

Swallen is getting. I am
glad Mrs. Swallen is doing
the mounting. And awfully
sorry Mrs. Mullett is doing
quarries. It makes me shudder
to think of her depicting the
"paricles of the smaller Pericardium".
Did you go over the old
Baldwin drawings. I sorted
up and put in the old type
cases? There are some really
characteristic drawings
among them, P. Chamaeleon
for example. However, if
you like Mrs. Mullett's work
I might as well keep my
groans to myself.

I am glad the shelves
are up in the annex. The
10-foot ladder will remind

me of Vienna. Do you remember
the safety railing around the
top of the ladders there?

I enjoyed Will Rogers report
of his interview with Coolidge.
I certainly rejoice over the new
bookcases. Now if I can get an
extensible neck to enable me
to get my eyes at the proper
distance maybe I can find
books without asking Miss
Wiles' help so often. You are
troubled with non-focusing
eyes, I believe. I shall enjoy
seeing my rearranged room.

I wish I could hear your
talk before the Bot Soc and
see your slides. I'm missing
a lot. I'm glad your trip
is approved - of course it
would be in your case. But

I deplore the narrow policy
of present secretary in not
permitting the lesser ones
to go, who care enough to
pay their way. I fear Mr.
Brignet and the other Europeans
are too clever when it comes
to the handling of congresses
for simple Americans. It is
Clemenceau - Lloyd George
vs. Woodrow Wilson, ^{over} again,
they do as they please with
the Americans. I'm awfully
sorry, but I'd given up hope
of anything good to come of
it for nomenclature, anyway.
I hope if Dept Agriculture "dele-
gate" (FVC) and Smithsonian
"delegate" (WRM) are appointed
there will not be any slip in
your appointment as delegate
of Bot. Soc. The Vans are

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going, sailing July 18 on Western-
land. If there are to be "dele-
gates" (it reminds me of the
way Kansas was peopled
by slave holders and abol-
itionists to secure the popu-
lar decision as to slave or
free) you may wish to get
Van to be a "delegate" to sup-
port your motions on
nomenclature. He doesn't
know much about it, but
neither do the others. The Exp.
Station at Geneva might
have a delegate, I should
think. He ranks, on state
pay roll, as professor in
state Agricultural College,
(which is divided between Cornell
and Syracuse) This suggestion

is offered in case you care to
secure votes. I've long been
disheartened over the whole
business.

I have my steamer
ticket. I sail ^{New York Southern Cross} May 8 and
arrive, May 21. Will you
please ask for the free
entry letter offered when
I left? I haven't counted
up but I shall have
something like 13 trunks.
I am not sending any
more through Consulate
as I have these trunks to
get back anyway. I
^{rapidly} checked over list of Brazilian
grasses (one of my waiting
spells) and find there are 15
genera I have not collected.

Some are Amazonian, Pariana,
Spheneria, etc, some extreme
southern. Oryzopsis, Narulla,
but I saw Tripsacum from
the train and some of the
others I had hoped to find.
However, I shall have made
in these 2 trips by far the
largest collection of grasses
ever brought out of Brazil.

I got my money, the last
on letter of credit. Flag was at
half mast but bank open.
I went to Jardim Botânico but
Dona Maria wasn't there. I left
a note. I want to make the
trip to Cete de Marim Monday
and Tuesday and hope she
can go with me. Then I
hope the Itatiaia trip ma-
terializes. I am going up

Morro Thenera here in Rio to-
morrow. It rained all today
and it took all day going to
the various places (including
bobber-shop). I'll get the
packing done between times.
Now I know I can handle
loaded trunks I don't have
to wait for the young Russian
down stairs to stack them
up for me - not that I
enjoy lifting the awful
things. I had a letter from
Mrs. Mexia among my
mail. She is still at Vicosa.
She said it was safe for me
to go into the swamps. I was
too light to sink, - also that
her skirts are getting so
short she "looks like a
ballerina-dancer," being taken
up by increasing girth. The

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Rolfs meals are certainly an excuse to overeat if anything is. Clarissa writes "I have Mrs Mexia quite 'house broken' - don't wait meals, even when she is in the house - - - after she had cold meals alone a few times she has found it possible to get in almost on time." I'm certainly glad for I have felt distressed about burdening the Rolfs with her. She had a letter of introduction from Merrill, so would have been invited therein any case. Dr. Rolfs writes that she is doing good work collecting. She certainly has every convenience for work, besides free board, good American room, bath, etc, and use of mules and saddles.

I find Miss Brandt, my Russian landlady, happy over having a Russian priest here, arrived from Argentina in time for Good Friday and Easter services here in her house. He has a gorgeous gray beard, like cartoons of Russians, except that it is beautifully brushed. Miss Brandt is trying to raise money to add him to her "colony" at Theresopolis. He is a trained agriculturist and will work land there. He is a widower, and Russian priests do not remarry, she says, and he has no family.

Last night I had a piece of Russian "Easter bread," nearer cake than bread. I am giving her a letter to Dr. Bitancourt, who can help this Russian agriculturist to adjust himself to Brazilian conditions.

Mrs. Walker writes of their delight over being invited to your home for dinner and of how much they enjoyed the evening. Miss Niles wrote of it, too. You and Mrs. Hitchcock made the young ones very happy.

I got one copy of the Nation and one of the World Tomorrow, the only ones received of the whole ^{five} ~~six~~ months. I read them an

the street car today and while waiting dinner tonight. That naval conference seems to be worse than useless.

Thanks for clipping and Smithsonian Notes. I think I wrote (though you may never get that far in the long letter I mailed this morning) that all my Gayaz and Matto Grasses exposures were lost with the camera. I forgot. I have at least one, pack, and I think two, in the tin box in my suitcase.

Very best wishes.

Sincerely yours
A.C.

Rio de Janeiro April 29, 1930

Dear Prof. Hitchcock,

The Itatiaia trip didn't materialize. I may have written you that Dona Maria Bandeira's mother died in January. She was in Petropolis when I got back and I didn't see her till Sat. evening. She sails for Europe tomorrow, so there was no chance for a trip together. I went to Furnas Agassiz beyond Garça here in the hopes of finding one of Mey's *Panicum* we haven't identified, described from there. The only likely thing I found is *Hymenachne condensata*. I hope it's

description answers to that.

Yesterday I climbed Tigua to summit of Pico. Engler and I went up in Jan. 1925. I think I got a few things not found then, but I did not find any bamboo in bloom, my chief desire. I had the whole mountain to myself and a most wonderful view. It was cloudy when Engler and I went up. Today I got out the duplicates at Jardim Botânico for which I'd written labels. Things are in pretty much of a mess there. They are building an addition and tearing out walls. The sickness of Dona Maria's mother kept her away,

and somebody chucked these grasses away somewhere, but Dona Maria was there today and located them. I have a large bundle, many or most of them Amazonian. I take the 6 o'clock train for Petropolis in the morning ^{returning next day.} to go to Crêta de Marim. Hope I'll find Glaziophyton. After that it will be packing, though I hope to get in one more day botanizing.

Mrs. White's friend, an American here to whom she insisted on giving me a letter was here to dinner Saturday. I hadn't met him. I mailed the letter

just before leaving for Visosa.
A man boarding here works
in same place and told him
I'd returned. He wrote inviting
me to dinner. I got out of it by
inviting him here. To my
surprise he was very nice
and interesting. After dinner
he took me to a movie, Lou
Chaney, and then to an Amer-
ican lunch room for waffles
and maple sirup, and chocolate
Sunday after that. For once
I was full - Lin still hungry
most of the time. Brazilian
cafe, even here at Miss Brandt's,
isn't much to go all day on.
Mr. Harricutt was in Rio
and I went to church with
him and his sister-in-law
and when we entered Mr.
^{Mrs. White's friend,}
Harrison, showed us to a seat.

April, 29, 1930

I'm to take dinner with him
next Sunday. He is going
to send back some things
to his daughters by me.

Have you these stamps?
This will be the last
letter. I think my letter to
you or Miss Niles written
before leaving Rio, asking
her to send list of Mey's
species based on the which
we lack failed to reach you,
or her list failed to reach
me. I'd received notice from
Rio post office of what I sup-
posed was registered letter.
I'd asked Consulate to get it
but they couldn't. Friday I
spent 14\$ at 4 different windows
and more than 2 hours,

and when I got it it was
franked envelopes! It had
been sealed and first class
postage was paid - there was
no reason for the Bras.
post office to hold it for
customs duty. Not knowing
what it was of course I
paid all they demanded.

Maybe you can get
Samphais to lend Ule's speci-
mens. I hope so. Miss Ban-
deira says that Olypa Samphai-
ana is growing in the yard.
Bob, several plants of it. I
mailed them to her from
Alege, the afternoon I found
it. Ate logo, as they say
here, "until a little."

Sincerely yours
AB